

tuesdays

tuesday mornings

we're alone in a house- and I mean a whole *house*- together so I buy whole-wheat bread for toast because that seems like the adult thing to do and I'm trying really hard to fake it and suddenly I am a domestic creature crouching over scrambled eggs like Gollum my transformation is dramatic yet incomplete I put in too much salt and forget about the eggs for a bit while I try to multitask and make coffee and make sure I close the bedroom door because you're asleep but the sky's awake so I'm awake and I guess breakfast must be important to me I seem to write a lot of poems about breakfast but isn't breakfast really the most romantic meal of the day I got out of bed with sleepy sun-filled eyes and did effortful things and the iced coffee will be more like beige puddles by the time we get to it because I don't want to wake you up and I shush my grumbling stomach tip-toe to your side of the bed slowly pour water on your sleeping face(I know you won't be grumpy when you see me in your t-shirt) because I'm bored and I'm hungry now- and I think that sound means the toast is ready- you blink the water and the sleep out of your eyes in annoyance, make a face but a yawn interrupts your complaining and even though I woke you up you smile at the salty eggs and milky coffee and kiss me softly and we're young and it's scary but there's orange juice and we'll be fine.

tuesday nights

we're playing pool in the basement our laughter is pools of grape soda swishing in our stomachs butterflies before a first kiss it's drunken noodle happiness; we feed the greedy green velvet fill its pockets full of striped candy and with every clack and thud we stifle giggles muffled ecstasy we taunt each other in hindi so that the girls sitting on the sofa watching the Bachelor can't understand our ~~brutal~~ playful vulgarity and it feels like a secret only we'll ever know about- our disgusting love; and when you somehow manage to miss every single one of the fifteen balls on the table we clutch our sides with powder blue hands fall to the floor in tears spilling laughter and grape soda everywhere leaving chalky handprints on the cold concrete floor and it's the most fun we've had since last tuesday night

but then you pocket the eight-ball and maybe you're not having as much fun as me or maybe you're just bad at pool but you say you're leaving I guess the night's over all the carriages are pumpkins now and tuesday is all the time ~~we had~~ ~~I had~~ you had for me.